

HARRY POOLE'S



LATEST COLossal

EXCURSIONS



GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

THE PERFECTION OF MEDICINAL PREPARATIONS.

Which is unequalled as an effective preparation to give relief in, and to withstand colds, coughs, pleuritis, and other ailments, as well as all symptoms of Indigestion, Nervous and Liver Disorders, and all cases of Weakness.

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

They make the weak strong, and give new heart and "go" to the weary toiler. They revive the spirits, and strengthen the nerves. By giving tone to the whole constitution, they ward off fevers and many other ailments. No family should be without a bottle. An occasional dose, taken when a man has felt slightly out of sorts, has prevented many a long illness.

The preparation has been before the public for many years, and has steadily gained in popular favour.

It contains a suitable quantity of Quinine in each dose, together with the active principles of the following well-known medicinal herbs:—Sarasparilla, Gentian, Burdock, Saffron, Lavender, and Dandelion, combined in most happy proportions, and concentrated in a pure state, as well as being scientifically prepared to be suitable to all ages, at all seasons of the year

TESTIMONIALS.

2, Parker Street,
Liverpool,
May 29, 1880.

Dear Sirs—Several of our friends who tried your QUININE BITTERS have expressed themselves benefited—and one—Mr. John Jones, 39, Gerald Street, Liverpool, who was in a very low state of health, and suffered with cramps in the stomach, and had Neuralgia very badly with swollen face, said to me a few days ago, "I never felt in better trim for work than I do now after taking that bottle of GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS," and certainly he looked much better.

Yours faithfully,
GEO. YEADON,
(Hon Sec. St. Stephen's
Exh Bition.)

Neuralgia
Neuralgia
Neuralgia
Neuralgia
Neuralgia
Neuralgia

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

59, Libra Road,
Roman Road, Bow,
London, E.

Sir—Please send me another 4s. 6d bottle of GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS. I have tried many remedies before, but I have never known a specific so remarkable in its effect as the Quinine Bitters. It seems to build up the exhausted nervous system by a slow cumulative process, which imparts force and vitality to all the organs of life. I consider it of inestimable value to all nervous sufferers.

Yours, &c.,
M. J. VAUGHAN.

Nervousness
Nervousness
Nervousness
Nervousness
Nervousness
Nervousness

2, Price Street,
Kate's Hill, Dudley,
June 21, 1880.

Dear Sir—It is not often that I have anything the matter with me but a few weeks ago I caught a severe cold, which prostrated me for several days. By chance I saw one of your circulars, and resolved to try GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS, which I did, with the most satisfactory results. I have no doubt that the one bottle which I took has saved me a heavy doctor's bill, and I shall always praise it.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES PRINCE.

COLDS
COLDS
COLDS
COLDS
COLDS
COLDS

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

15, Wilton Street,
Liverpool,
March 6, 1880.

My Dear Sir—For twenty years I have suffered from pains in the back and asthma, with a painful cough, but I am happy to say that after taking three bottles of GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS, I find a great deal of relief, and hope a great many more sufferers may see your advertisement, and reap the same benefit as I have.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
C. CATHERWOOD.

ASTHMA
ASTHMA
ASTHMA
ASTHMA
ASTHMA
ASTHMA

Pleurisy
Pleurisy
Pleurisy
Pleurisy
Pleurisy
Pleurisy

Heron Cross, Fenton,
July 8, 1880.

Dear Sir—With great pleasure I recommend all who are suffering to give GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS a fair trial, as I can testify to their goodness. My son was a sufferer from Pleurisy, with severe stitch but two bottles of QUININE BITTERS quite restored him.

J. BANISTER.

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.
GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

Weakness
Weakness
Weakness
Weakness
Weakness
Weakness

Llameddy, Blaenau Ffestinog
Sept. 11, 1888.
Mr. GWILYM EVANS—It gives me great pleasure to testify to the efficacy of your preparation in cases of general debility, indigestion, and nervous palpitation.

E. DAVIES EVANS,
L.E.C.S.E., M.R.C.P.E., &c., &c.,
London.

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.
GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

The
Best
Remedy
of the
Age.

At this season of the year no one should be without GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS. A course taken now will be invaluable in giving tone to the system, new life to the blood, and in bracing the nerves—Avoid imitations—Remember that none are genuine except "GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS." See the name on the stamp, label, and bottle—in bottles at 2s.6d and 4s.6d each—Sold by all Chemists, or may be had for the above prices direct from the Proprietors, carriage free by Parcels Post.

Quinine Bitters Manufacturing Co.,
LIMITED,
Llanelly, South Wales.

THE BEST REMEDY OF THE AGE IS

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

Sold by all Chemists in Bottles at 2/9 and 4/6 each.

See also Page 3 of this Cover.

H. Poole's Jubilee Myriorama.

IN submitting the above exhibition to the critical gaze of the British Public, Messrs. Poole would, in the first place, thank their numerous patrons for the generous support they have received in the past, which has enabled them from time to time, since their Establishment in 1837, to produce the various Panoramas, Dioramas, and Myrioramas, which have won for them a world-wide reputation, and which have been of so complete and comprehensive a nature as to claim for each production the merit of being a veritable reflex of the times in which we live.

Messrs. Poole have confidence that their latest production, **THE ROYAL JUBILEE MYRIORAMA**, will be found fully equal, if not superior, to the exhibitions which have preceded it.

The many important events which have occurred since Her Majesty's accession to the throne on the 20th June, 1837, not only in our own dominions, but in every part of the known world, afford a favourable opportunity in this, the fiftieth year of her reign, for the inauguration of a Myriorama which shall bring before the public of these Islands a series of truthful and pleasing illustrations of the events referred to.

That full justice may be done to this important undertaking, a tour of the habitable globe is necessary, and this handbook, the details in which have been compiled from the most accurate sources by Mr. F. Freeland, is issued as a companion on the imaginary voyage.

The vast amount of information it affords, and the special and numerous references to the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee will give it claim to be preserved in every household, both as a source of instruction to the young, and a remembrance of a pleasant evening spent under the auspices of the Messrs. Poole.

COMMENCING our tour from **LONDON**, the spectator is first presented with a magnificent view of

St. PAUL'S.

This famous Cathedral was designed by Christopher Wren, occupied a period of 35 years in building, and was opened for Divine Service on the 23rd of December, 1697, the occasion being the great thanksgiving for the Peace of Reistwich. Perhaps the stately pile never looked so truly beautiful as when, on the evening of the Prince of Wales's thanksgiving day, thousands of ship's lanterns, sent from the various Government dockyards, were suspended from the lofty dome and towers of the cathedral, forming a sight never to be forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to behold it. This important event took place on the 27th of February, 1873. The Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales, Court and Parliament went in state to St. Paul's, which had been specially decorated internally for the occasion.

From London we proceed at once to

NEWHAVEN.

Our Port of departure for the Continent. This pleasant little seaport is situated on the Sussex coast, and promises in time to be a powerful rival to some of the better known ports on the Southern coast. The fine hotel, so prominent in the view, has been erected by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company, for the special convenience of their passengers; and lying alongside the Quay is one of the new and stately steamers lately launched by this company for the channel service. By an exercise of imagination the audience embarks and sets sail for France, little dreaming they are presently to be overtaken by a

SQUALL IN THE CHANNEL.

This view represents in its various comical aspects the ill effects of *mal-de-mer*. The stewards are in great demand, ministering to the manifold wants of the grief-stricken passengers. The art of man is not yet equal to the construction of a vessel which may effectually save weakly passengers the acute pains of sea sickness; and here is one of the many advantages Messrs. Pooole have over other organisers of tours. The thousands of passengers these gentlemen annually conduct to the farthest ends of the earth suffer none of the inconveniences incidental to actual travelling. Their tours may be safely undertaken by the youngest and most inexperienced travellers without the slightest fear of accident or delay.

But quickly losing sight of the crowded deck of the steamer, we next find ourselves in

PARIS.

This city—the gayest, handsomest, and those who know it well say, the most magnificent city in Europe—is built on either bank of the river Seine, which almost equally divides it; in the centre of the river is the little Isle of St Louis, from which the city has sprung, and has extended until it now occupies an area of eighty square miles, and boasts a population of over 2,000,000. Our Cicerone points out to us nearly every object of general interest, including the Tuileries, now destroyed, Louvre, Palais Royal, Hotel de Ville, Notre Dame, Palace of Justice, Legion of Honor, Mint, Hotel of the Invalides, the Halle Central, St. Sulpice, St. Clothilde, the Pantheon Palace of Industry, New Opera House, Champs Elysees, Column of July, Column Vendome, and the Hotel Bristol, where the Prince took up his quarters during his sojourn. Great indeed are the changes known to Paris and the French nation since Her Majesty ascended the throne. Victoria first knew her neighbour as a Republic. She witnessed the futile attempts of Napoleon at Boulogne, in 1840; eight years later she saw him elected to the National Assembly, and in December of the same year (1848) Louis Napoleon became President of the French Republic. December 2nd, 1851, was the date of the inglorious Coup D'Etat, and twelve months afterwards, Napoleon (surnamed The Little) realized all his hopes and was proclaimed Emperor of the French. In 1855, the Queen received the Emperor and Empress as guests. On September 6th 1870, she heard of his surrender at Sedan. In January of the following year, the German army entered Paris, and the Prussian King was proclaimed Emperor of Germany at Versailles. A little later, the Queen's former guest stole into her dominions as a refugee, and on the 9th of January, 1873, Napoleon died at Chislehurst; and the Queen has once more a Republic for her nearest neighbour. Before leaving Paris, we view the interior of

THE MADELEINE.

By far the handsomest, and certainly the most fashionable place of worship in the French Capital. The building was commenced in 1764, and was completed in 1872. The interior is one vast hall, 261 feet long and 109 feet high. First we see the church perfectly empty, then, through the gloom of midnight, dimly lighted by moonrays: the candles on the white marble altar become illuminated; also do the lamps and candelabra throughout the nave; priests are discovered at the altar celebrating midnight mass; the church is now crowded with figures in every attitude of devotion, and the illusion further heightened by the pealing tones of the organ and the voices of the Choir.

Having visited Marseilles, we pass through Italy, calling at the city of

TURIN,

Which was for a brief period the Capital of the Italian Kingdom. Victor Emanuel entered Naples as King of Italy, November 7th, 1860, and at Turin held his court. Our view shows the railway stations by day and the grand illumination at night during the feast of the carnival.

We next visit

SWITZERLAND,

For the purpose of inspecting one of the greatest triumphs of engineering which has distinguished the Victoria era. Here we have a fine view of the Lepontine Alps, at Airolo, in the Canton of Ticino. Far away in the distance we see one of the chasms bridged by the St. Gothard railway line, and by an ingenious mechanical contrivance a train is seen to cross it. Having rounded the mountain's rocky side we see the train appear in the middle distance, threading the narrow passes like a being gifted with most perfect sense, and again the engine and carriages are lost to view. The picture now moves and gives us an admirable view of the southern end of the great

ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.

Our attention is first attracted by the signalman, whose flag waving in the clear air tells us that the train is approaching. As the rumbling sound gets nearer the red light of the signal lamp is changed to white, conveying the information to the driver that the tunnel is clear. Louder and louder grows the rattle of the advancing train, swelling on among the silent hills into a roar as the swift flying express approaches the entrance to the tunnel; and now, to the delight of the astonished spectator, the reverberations culminate as the train sweeps wildly across the stage, entering the rocky tube of St. Gothard about equal distance between the sea level and the mountains summit. Having expressed our admiration of this piece of realism, we have to imagine that the long railway journey is over; and we next find ourselves at

VIENNA.

The capital of the Austrian Empire, situated on the western side of the Danube, and having a population of nearly half a million. Our view shows the Graben, one of the main thoroughfares, which we both see by day and night. The entrance of the Ring Theatre, Vienna, where among hundreds of others, various British subjects lost their lives, was one of the saddest calamities recorded during her majesty's reign.

ST. PETERSBURG.

In striking contrast with the calm, tranquil life of the British Sovereign is the fearful and uncertain existence of a Russian Czar. Arriving at the Moscovite Capital, we find the city in full illumination. The populace are celebrating the entry of Alexander III to St. Petersburg after his coronation at Moscow. We see the Emperor with his splendid retinue passing through the square of St. Nicholas. The large building in the background is the Russian Admiralty; to the left of it is the equestrian statue of the Emperor Nicholas.

Leaving Russia, we enter the Sultan's dominions and visit

ADRIANOPLE.

Which is the second capital and residence of the Ottoman rulers. The city was founded by the Emperor Adrian, whose memory was such that it is said he could commit a book to memory by once reading it, and that he knew all his soldiers by name. The city bears the name of its founder, and is situated in ancient Thrace. It stands on the banks of the river Maritza, and is five days journey from Constantinople. The population is about 150,000. Adrianople was the base of the Turkish operations during the Russo-Turkish-war.

From this place we proceed on a short visit to

THE HOLY LAND.

We first inspect

THE JEWS' WAILING PLACE.

The massive wall to the left is a portion of that which enclosed the foundation of the Temple. This piece of land has been set apart by the Mahomedan authorities for the exclusive use of the Jews, and it furnishes one of the most affecting sights to be met with in the city. At all hours those of the Hebrew faith repair here to bewail the fate which has fallen upon their people, chanting in mournful melody their songs of humiliation, and asking for a return of their former glory by offering up the most earnest entreaty and prayer. We have next a view of the enclosure which formed

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE,

Of which building literally not one stone remains upon another. In the centre of this space is the great Mosque of Omar. From whatever point of the compass we approach the Holy City the dome of this mosque is the first object which meets the eye of the traveller. This building is very ancient, and the best authorities assert that the lower portion was erected by the Emperor Constantine over what he believed to be the burial place of Christ, and that the Saracens afterwards added the dome. This was formerly the most sacred place of the Jews. It is now the most sacred place of the Mahomedans, and no Christian foot is allowed to enter within its precincts

Finally we visit

NAZARETH,

The home of our Saviour until the commencement of His ministry. The Turkish mosque on the hill to the left reminds us that we are in the dominions of the Sultan; that removed, we look on the scene as it may have been looked upon 1800 years ago. Our view, taken from the end of the

valley of Nazareth, embraces many interesting features; notably—The workshop of Joseph, now converted into a chapel. The synagogue of Nazareth, where Christ began His teaching. The Mount of Precipitation, mentioned in the Gospel of St. Luke as the eminence from which the Nazarenes threatened to throw the Saviour when He denounced them for their unbelief. In the foreground to the left, St. Mary's well.

Bidding adieu to this most interesting part of our travels, we next proceed on a visit to our great Indian Empire, calling on the way at the island of

CEYLON,

At the present time the place of exile of Arabi Pasha. This beautiful and fertile island is situated in the Indian ocean at the southern extremity of Hindostan, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Manaar and Palk's Strait. Its length is 270 miles, average breadth about 100 miles. Coffee is largely grown here, also pine apples, of which we see a plantation in the foreground. Our next view represents

CALCUTTA—GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Government House occupies the principal site in Calcutta. The gardens of the house are in front, and to the south of them, and in a line with the centre of Government House, stands the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge. Our picture gives a good idea of the state kept up by one of our Viceroy's in the East, Government House being the official residence of the Governor-General. The important gathering of the native princes and others was on the occasion of Her Majesty being proclaimed Empress of India, which memorable event occurred on May 1st, 1876.

Our next view illustrates

BARRACKPORE,

An important military station fifteen miles from Calcutta, and pleasantly situated on the banks of the river Hooghly. The climate is salubrious, and invalid Europeans resort here largely. A grand review of troops is taking place at the time of our visit, the display being a special field-day in honour of the proclamation aforesaid.

Crossing the Hooghly to the Sunderbunds, we see a party engaged in the pleasant pastime of

PEACOCK SHOOTING.

There is a considerable degree of monotony in the life of a British officer in India, and sport is much resorted to as a relief for this. Tiger hunting has, to some extent, lost its attractiveness of late years. It necessitates a longer leave of absence than officers can at all times procure, and the element of danger is such that none but the most daring care to engage in these hazardous enterprises. Of course, when some hungry man-eater makes his appearance about any of the small villages, a message to the nearest garrison never fails to secure immediate attention of the officers, who look upon it as part of their duty to rid the terror-stricken natives of so unwelcome a visitor. Peacock shooting, if less exciting is more safe, and, as the view illustrates, the period of sunset is generally chosen for this enjoyable sport.

Proceeding in a north-westerly direction, we arrive at

BENARES,

The ecclesiastical metropolis of Hindostan, The Hindoos believe this city not to belong to the earth at all, but to be perched upon the top of one of the prongs of the trident of the god Shiva. The memorable visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India, took place in 1875; the Prince departing in October, and returning early in the following year.

Leaving the great Peninsula, we travel north to the

CITY OF HERAT.

Herat cannot fail to be interesting for English officers have surveyed and prepared a plan of fortifications to supplement those already in existence, with a view of strengthening the frontier of our vast Indian possessions. The value of Herat as a base for military operations was first recognized by Alexander the Great of Macedonia, over 300 years before the birth of Christ. Its history has been such a long succession of sieges and massacres that one wonders how it has survived all those calamities. In the 12th century it was razed to the ground, and in the 13th Genghis-Khan took the town by storm after a siege of six months, and massacred the population, then numbering 1,600,000 souls. Afterwards it came into the possession of the dynasty of the Great Moguls of India, since when it has been the scene of a number of similar vicissitudes, the city, however, never being thoroughly destroyed. The plain or valley in which Herat stands is

one beautiful extent of little fortified villages, gardens, vineyards, and cornfields, brightened by many small streams of shining water. It is amply irrigated by artificial canals, and the climate is healthy. The winters are cool, the snow lying for several days, but for two months in summer the heat is excessive. The town is of oblong form, encircled by an earthen mound (on which rises a lofty wall of unburnt bricks), and surrounded by a broad wet ditch. The city has five gates. The bazaars and smaller streets are covered over, which makes the dark and inconceivably dirty. The strategical and commercial importance of Herat in central Asia is so well recognized that it is coveted by Russia, and recent events have compelled us to take measures in concert with our Afghan ally for the preservation of its independence as a security against aggressive designs of Russia on our Indian Empire.

We next visit

CHINA,

With which Empire we have at various times since Her Majesty's accession, had troubled relations. On the 3rd of November, 1839, war broke out between England and China, the first action being a naval one, fought at Chumpee. Peace was not proclaimed until August 26th 1842, one of the articles of the treaty ceding the island of Hong-Kong. In 1855, the seizure of an English cutter by the Chinese authorities (on a charge of piracy), was a cause of a second Chinese war, which lingered until May, 1858. After this there was much friction between the two nations until the ratification of the treaty of Tientsin by the Emperor in 1861.

We enter the Celestial Empire from the north of the China Sea by the Canton River, and arrive in due course at the

ISLAND OF WHAMPOA,

The largest of a number of islands dotted about on this broad expanse, and lying between Canton and the sea. On the island of Whampoa is situated the Custom House, where dues are paid and pilots procured for navigation on the river, which becomes extremely dangerous as we approach Canton, owing to the enormous number of boats, rafts, junks, and other craft darting about with a recklessness which fills a stranger with fear.

CANTON.

Which means broad or large city. As regards population, Canton is the fourth city of the Chinese Empire; it is probably second as regards wealth. Canton is merely a corruption of Quangtung, and the city spreads for a distance of four miles along the banks of the Chou Kiang, which is here about the breadth of the Thames at London Bridge. The houses are generally low, seldom exceeding one story in height. The shops are in many instances equal to those in European cities. They are commodious, well stocked with goods, and are associated together very much, according to their respective trades. Canton was one of the five ports of China, at which according to the treaty with the Chinese of August 29th, 1842, British subjects were permitted to trade. The principal exports are silk, tea, matting, and cassia. A contraband trade in opium is still extensively carried on in the Canton River.

WEDDING FEAST. EMPEROR'S SUMMER PALACE.

In paying a visit to the Emperor's Summer Palace, we choose an occasion when mandarin and dignitary throw off all reserve and join the populace with full determination to share the pleasure of the hour. The gorgeous palace where the Emperor of China spends a third of the year in happy release from the cares of State, is situated on the fertile shore of Lake Kiang Sao, some miles south of Peking. The ceremony we witness is a wedding feast. Two dignitaries of the State are allying their respective houses in matrimony, and the Emperor not only lends them his palace for the nuptials, but honours the occasion with his august presence. Glittering and gorgeous in the extreme are the decorations and illuminations which characterise great weddings in China. Those taking part in the marriage processions appear arrayed in the richest and gayest costumes; they bear aloft silken banners and gold and silver ornaments. The joss house, or pagoda, contributes its choicest decorations to heighten the effect of the great display. The palace and its surroundings are gaily festooned with thousands of coloured lamps, and when night descends on the merry throng the whole scene presents a spectacle of light and beauty such as China alone, with its generations of fanciful traditions, can produce.

We next visit

JAPAN.

Our first view which represents Simenosaki, perhaps the most attractive seaport of the island of Nippon. Invalids resort largely to this favoured town, which is well sheltered by verdant hills. Simenosaki is famous for its quarries of serpentine, and a remarkable temple. Steaming through the Straits of Corea, we arrive at

NEW ZEALAND.

Port Lyttleton, the subject of our view, is situated in the province of Canterbury, and we call at this thriving seaport the day that the new graving dock was opened. The dock is perhaps the finest in the Southern Hemisphere, and the opening ceremony was performed by the Hurunui, a splendid ship belonging to the New Zealand Shipping Company, breaking a ribbon stretched across the entrance to the dock, amid the cheers of the thousands who had assembled to honour the occasion. The town is well sheltered by hills, the rains are regular, and the climate favourable for all kinds of agriculture, a branch of industry which flourishes briskly. New Zealand, tranquil enough at the present time has not always been peaceful during the present reign. In 1853, a new Constitution was given to the Colony, but notwithstanding this a terrible insurrection broke out on the 13th of March, 1860. Much discontent was manifested by the natives, and frequent attacks were made on the settlers. The granting of territorial rights however, and the visit to England of the Maori King and his Chiefs, have done much towards establishing a firmer friendship between the natives of this distant colony and their inevitable successors.

St. THOMAS.

We first get a view of St. Thomas, one of the group known as the Virgin Islands, it lies right in the tract of all vessels coming from the Continent of Europe, Brazil and South America, and the West Indies, and as it possesses one of the finest harbours in the world, it is invaluable as a supply station. (It is a Danish Settlement.)

WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

We arrive at Port of Spain the chief Town of the Island of Trinidad in time to witness the grand Carnival which generally takes place about the month of February, lasting two or three days, the costumes worn by the masqueraders present a very picturesque and lively appearance.

NEW YORK.

The rise and progress of New York is one of the marvels of modern history. The part of the American coast which comprehends the State of New York was discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1497, but he made no claim to it on behalf of Henry VII of England, by whom he was employed. The Island on which the city is built was called by the Indians, Manhattan Island. In the year 1620, a party of Dutch adventurers landed here, and bought the whole island from the Indians for a few blankets, knives, old spoons, and a tea kettle, the value of this property being four pounds. The Dutch called it New Amsterdam. In the reign of Charles II of England this name was changed to New York. In 1697 (not 200 years ago) the population was 4,302 now it exceeds 600,000. The harbour is excellent, and New York is the head quarters of trade for the great United States. Here we see the latest achievement of American enterprise, the bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn. This triumph of engineering, spans over what is called the East River, was commenced on the 3rd of January, 1870: After thirteen years it was opened for traffic early in 1883. The total length of this massive Iron road is 5,939 feet, and the centre span rises above high water mark 135 feet. Our view embraces New Jersey, the West River, Castle Garden, and Brooklyn.

THE AURORA BOREALIS,

Not as it is sometimes written of by fanciful writers, or spoken of by the mystery-loving mariner, but as near as possible to nature, as carefully sketched by the officers of the Albatross when that vessel and the Discovery made their memorable voyage to these unknown regions. In the foreground of this view is observed a herd of deer performing their instinctive annual migration from the dreary wastes of the barren north, to the richer pastures of the sunny south.

We next encounter a

GIGANTIC ICEBERG.

In Baffin's Bay we meet with an enormous mass of ice in floe and berg. The latter from its enormous proportions excites our greatest curiosity. The subject of this illustration was, on being approached, mistaken by our mariners for land. A more particular acquaintance, however, revealed the fact that it was a gigantic iceberg, nearly two miles in length, broken, doubtless, from one of the Greenland glaciers, and slowly drifting South.

We now sail direct to Scotland encountering on our way a fine display of

MOVING SHIPPING

among the vessels are H.M.S. Collingwood, H.M.S. Agamemnon and H.M.S. Victoria, and the fine steamship Rome, owned by the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and nearing our destination, we see the brigantine Lilly trimming her sails to enter the Frith of Forth.

THE FORTH BRIDGE.

This magnificent structure is built of Siemens Steel, of the finest quality, the weight employed being 44,500 tons, fastened together with 8,000,000 rivets, from the foundations to the top of the great columns, it is the height of the Great Pyramid, it was erected at a cost of £2,000,000 sterling, and took six-and-a-half years to construct.

THE EMERALD ISLE.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS AND THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE.

The ancient bridge seems to connect Dinish Island with the mainland. Only one of the arches is navigable. The western channel debouches on the Bay of Glens, the eastern flows into Muckross L. ke. Above the bridge the waters meet and are termed "The Rapids." As we near this spot the pilot grasps his helm with firmer hand, the boatmen bend their swaying oars, our fleet craft cleaves the flashing waters, nearer we come to the arch, the waves splashing and gurgling—now the boatmen give a stronger, firmer pull, another, the oars are shipped, and like an arrow from a bow, we shoot the rapids and find ourselves in tranquil waters, before we have recovered from the excitement our bugler's mellow notes almost speaking the words—

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

GLENA AND THE PURPLE MOUNTAINS.

Characteristically Irish is our view of Glens and the Purple mountains which attain an altitude of 2739 feet. Visitors land here to see O'Sullivan's Punch Bowl and to wander through the ever beautiful Arbutus groves. Here the guide will not fail to call the tourists' attention to the gurgling of a subterranean rill that issues from the Serpent Lake, so named from a legend that it was here St. Patrick banished the last serpent in Ireland, with the promise that he would let him out to-morrow. On a dark and stormy night the peasants will tell you they can hear the serpent shouting from the bottom of the lake "it is to-morrow yet."

"But to-day is not to-morrow, nor can never be,
So the serpent has been banished for all eternity."

Joining east, we next find ourselves with the British Fleet, off

ALEXANDRIA.

This city, from the sea, merely presents a collection of white houses on a low sandy soil, flanked by a number of windmills. The harbour is crowded with shipping from all climes. The past history of the greatness of Alexandria is most interesting, and it is said to have been the largest city in the world.

The brief campaigns, known as the Egyptian War, is far from being the most dignified of our warlike operations during Her Majesty's reign. Our Office is, however, to chronicle events not to comment upon them, we therefore, proceed to witness the action of July 11th, 1882, namely—

THE BURNING AND LOOTING OF ALEXANDRIA.

Arabi Pasha found he could not oppose the British Fleet, so he ordered a flag of truce to be hoisted, and under cover of that, left the city, with the greater portion of his army. The remainder were left without commanders, and as the terror-stricken inhabitants fled, those, whose duty it was to protect the place, joined the rabble and the thieves of the desert, in pillage and murder. However the flames &c., made known to the British Admiral what fearful abuse had been made of Arabi's flag of truce, and he ordered parties of the Marines and Blue Jackets to land under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, and, although too late to save much of the European quarter, they put out the fire, shot those discovered looting, and finally restored peace and order. Great praise is due to Lord C. Beresford for the strenuous efforts and good tact he displayed during the scene of carnage and strife. Our view shows one of the principal streets during the night. Our Artist has been very successful in detailing the horror, misery, and awful grandeur of the scene. The next event of importance during the Egyptian Campaign was the

GRAND CHARGE OF THE GUARDS AT KASSASSIN.

The plan of attack was quickly formed. The cavalry again opened somewhat to the right to allow space for the guns to come into action, and advanced in echelon from the left, the Dragoons leading, while behind them the Household Cavalry were formed up to charge. At the word of command, the Dragoons, with an irrepressible precision, wheeled outward to right and left to let

the big troopers through; and then, led by Sir Baker Russell, the Life Guards and Blues swept forward at a gallop, followed by the Dragoons, to the enemy's guns. They sabred the gunners and rode down the infantry, who were seized with terror and fled. The battle was ended at a stroke. The cavalry returned at ten o'clock, and in the darkness missed the guns over which they had charged. The Egyptians engaged were estimated at thirteen thousand and they fought well until the cavalry and guns took them in the rear. At one time the enemy, in spite of the heavy fire of our men, were rapidly gaining ground, and would soon have reached the entrenchments, when the roar of our guns on their left rear, followed by the rush of our cavalry, proved too much for them, and from that moment they thought only of flight. They carried off their guns, but left a quantity of ammunition. Our casualties were surprisingly small, considering the fire to which our men were exposed.

THE GREAT DECISIVE BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

On the morning of Wednesday, September 13, 1882, before the break of day, Sir Garnet Wolseley had struck his camp, and his army was on the move to attack the very strong entrenchments at Tel-el-Kebir. So successfully and quietly were the general orders given and executed, that our army was close upon the foe before they became aware of our having moved from the position we occupied the night before.

The Commander-in-Chief's orders were for the whole force to move forward at half-past one in quarter columns half battalions, with distance for deploying. On approaching the enemy's works, the men were to reserve their fire till close up; and then, at 200 yards distance, to cheer and carry the position at the point of the bayonet. These instructions were carried out to the letter. It was only when we had reached the crest of the last sand-hill that a few rifle shots from Arabi's men showed that at length they were aware of the immediate presence of the English Army. The entrenchments were stormed, in different parts, by the Highland Brigade, the 42nd (Black Watch) leading; the Brigade of Major General Graham, consisting of the Royal Irish 18th Regiment, the York and Lancaster Regiment (84th), and the Royal Irish Fusiliers (97th), the 60th Rifles, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, (46th), and the Marines; and by the Indian force, under General Sir Robert Macpherson, comprising several native Indian regiments, and the Seaforth Highlanders, with the Manchester regiment. General Sir E. Bruce Hamley was in command of the whole of the troops of his division. The Brigade of Guards, under his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, was present to support General Graham's Brigade, and his Royal Highness the Duke of Teck was with the head-quarters staff. All the fighting was over by a quarter past five in the morning, and the enemy had fled in every direction, leaving the camp, guns, and stores, while Arabi Pasha escaped on horse-back to the train. About two thousand of the Egyptians were killed and wounded, and nearly three thousand were taken prisoners on the field.

The official returns give our loss in the storming of Tel-el-Keber, at nine officers and 45 men killed, 22 officers and 320 men wounded.

After this the Cavalry pushed on by forced marches, and on the 15th of September, the day named by Sir Garnet, the British troops occupied

CAIRO.

This city with its numerous mosques and minarets—its bustling bazaars, and narrow streets crowded with gaily caprisoned horses, camels, and caravans of pilgrims and merchants—is the very *beau ideal* of the Eastern City we read of in our youth in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." The resemblance is still more striking from the immense number of little hunchback barbers, with which the city literally swarms. Above the busy hum of the city, the cry of the Muezzin calling the faithful to prayer, is heard from the summit of one or other of the lofty minarets. ("There is no God but one God! and Mahomet is His Prophet! Come and pray! Come and pray!") The beautiful building to the right of the view is the Mosque of the Sultan Hassan; in the foreground is a part of the Citadel; and in the distance, to the left, the far-famed Pyramids of Ghizeh, and the great Aqueduct, constructed to convey water from the Nile to the city. Cairo covers an area of three miles in length by nearly two in width. It covers part of the site of the Biblical city of Memphis, where Joseph and Mary took the infant Saviour at the time of Herod's cruel Edict in Bethlehem. The Cairo of to-day was founded by the Arabs in 970. Two hundred years later, the Emperor Saladin erected the walls and the citadel, leaving them substantially as they exist at the present day. The city has always been the principal seat of Arabic literature, and contains many colleges. Outside the walls we see the little building known as Joseph's Well. The origin of this structure is lost in the midst of antiquity. Tradition says it watered the cattle which came here 4,000 years ago to bear corn to distant parts at the time of the famine that we read of in Joseph's history.

THE SOUDAN WAR.

The war in the Soudan, which we may regard as a sequel to the forgoing, is brought before the spectator in a truly vivid and realistic manner. A journey of nearly 1,000 miles down the Red Sea, brings on a beautiful moonlight night outside

THE HARBOUR OF SUAKIM.

The town of Suakim, the seaport of the Soudan, which was the head quarters of the forces marshalled against Osman Digna and his rebel tribes, is mainly situated on an island, but is extended to the mainland and connected by a causeway. It contains a number of mosques and public buildings, of which the principal are the Governor's House, the Custom House, and the Bazaar. Our view, from a sketch by a naval officer, represents the town as seen from the bows of a man-of-war in the harbour:

Our gunboats lie anchored one on either side of the causeway, and an enemy attempting to enter the town would be decimated by their fire. Though the harbour and its entrance permit the anchorage and passage of large ships, the island and its shores are swampy. On the causeway stand the barracks. The works erected are of the nature of a bridge head covering the town and the causeway. Just as a bridge-head is protected, when possible, by flanking artillery fire on the other side of the river, so are the lines of Suakim flanked by the fire of the Sphinx on the right, and the Decoy on the left, while the causeway could be swept by the guns of the Ranger. The works consist of an inner continuous line of intrenchments, forming the bridge-head itself, at a radius of about 1 000 yards from the causeway. Outside this, at about 1 200 yards distance, is a chain of redoubts. The inner line is strengthened by two forts, called fort Euryalus and Fort Carysfort. The intrenchments and the outer redoubts are manned by blacks; "crow-feet" and other military obstacles are strewn thickly in front of them, and if the blacks hold their ground, there is no possible danger to the defenders of Suakim; but the arrival of British reinforcements has made the town absolutely secure.

Suakim is now another station on the route to India. Our representation of this seaport serves to introduce one of the most charming and realistic effects ever witnessed. A transition is made from day to night; the moon is seen to steal gently upwards from behind the distant hills; the waters of the Red Sea, illuminated by its silver rays, ripple in the moonlight, and help to make up a scene of singular beauty.

BAKER PASHA'S DISASTER.

Anything more complete than the disastrous defeat of Baker Pasha's army at El Teb, on the 4th of February, could not easily be imagined. It terribly verified opinions held by military men as to the utter worthlessness of the force under Baker Pasha's command.

Baker Pasha landed in Trinkitat February 1st. The next day he erected a fort four miles inland. This was garrisoned. The 3rd of February was given over to resting the troops. On Monday morning (4th Feb.), the *reveille* was sounded for a general advance, and by six o'clock, the troops began the forward march. The troops numbered about 3 500 men and four Gattling guns. By nine o'clock, ten miles had been traversed and groups of wild horsemen and clumps of spears were seen amidst the dwarfed foliage, or thickets, with which the country abounds. A Krupp gun was brought into action under direction of General Sartorius. The range being found too great, a further advance was made and three shots fired into the enemy's position. This apparently had the effect of causing the rebels to fall back. The Turkish Cavalry were then ordered to charge, but suddenly it was found that every bush, tree, and tuft of bramble concealed a group of Arabs. At the very sight the cavalry quailed, and when these detached troops of foes swiftly formed into a long enveloping line, only one thought possessed the cavalry, and that was instant flight, without offering the least opposition to the enemy.

General Baker now gave the order to form square (a manœuvre constantly and correctly performed on the drill ground). The order was never obeyed. Seeing the wild Arab forces charging towards them with their two-edged swords, the Egyptians became quite panic-stricken and too paralysed with fear to move. By the strenuous efforts of General Sartorius and Baker Pasha, three sides of the square was formed, but as the enemy advanced they wavered and "crowded into each other; thus men, officers, guns, camels, baggage, drivers, and mules, were all wedged into one incapable mass." From this time confusion reigned supreme. In vain did the gallant English officers strive, by entreaty and example, to rally the men to something like self-defence. The Egyptians simply turned their backs to the foe, and waited for death like so many sheep. As length the undisciplined mass took to headlong flight, hotly pursued by the infuriated Arabs. For ten miles this frightful chase continued, until darkness and utter weariness of slaughter put an end to it.

The sole redeeming point of this tragedy was the magnificent conduct of the few British officers, the Turkish Infantry, the European Police, and the Artillery, who all stuck to their posts and were nearly killed to a man. With great difficulty Baker Pasha was persuaded to leave the battle field. At last Colonel Hay's entreaties prevailed, and together with Colonels Burnaby, Hay, Harvey and others, Baker Pasha, rode through the remains of the square and the hordes of rebels, ~~by~~ ^{made} for Trinkitat, General Sartorius having preceded them in order to make preparations for the immediate departure of the survivors of the disaster. The Egyptian losses were estimated at 2,200 and 92 officers, amongst them being Morice Bey, Dr. Leslie, Major Watkins, and Lieutenant Carroll.

THE BATTLE OF TAMANIEB OR TAMASI.

Gen. Graham's second great battle took place at Tamai or Tamasi, on Thursday, March 13th. After a restless night our soldiers welcomed the sunrise. Before the general advance, the cavalry were sent to clear the way. As our mounted soldiers cleared off on one side, the enemy found themselves face to face with the main body of our troops. Encouraged by their chiefs, the Arabs rapidly advanced, our soldiers marching to meet them. The 65th and the Black Watch (who formed the front of the square), in their eagerness to meet the foe, went too quickly for the companies forming the sides of the square to keep up with them. In consequence of this, many gaps appeared where a solid wall of men should have been. As the front line approached the foe, the Highlanders, in their zeal, charged at the double, thereby widening the gaps between the front and side lines of the square. The officers, seeing this, steadied their men—but it was too late. The side of the square had not sufficient time to close up before the Arabs had availed themselves of the temporary weakness. With fierce shouts of triumph they literally swarmed into the square. In vain our men tried to stand against the dusky mob. Overcome by the sheer force of numbers, the 65th had to fall back on the Marines and Highlanders. Buller's brigade now advanced with as much precision as shown on the drill ground. The two brigades marched side by side and poured a terrible fire into the enemy's lines. From this point the battle assumed much the same form as that at El-Teb. The slaughter was fearful, the Arabs simply refusing any quarter—even the wounded injuring any of our men who attempted to help them. The enemy's strength was estimated at 10,000 to 12,000, at their losses at 3,000. The British loss was 100 killed and 150 wounded.

MOONRISE ON THE DESERT.

On Tuesday, December 30th, the operations of the Nile Expedition entered upon a new phase. As far as Korti the advance had been conducted by the river, but there Lord Wolseley decided to divide his little force into two portions, one under General Earle, to continue the river route, the other under General Sir Herbert Stewart, to strike across the Bayuda Desert to Metemneh on the Nile, where Gordon's steamers were expected to be in waiting. The total distance across the desert between Korti and Metemneh is 172 miles, and it was deemed prudent to establish a dépôt of stores at the Gakdul Wells, a distance of 96 miles from Korti, and 76 miles from the Nile. Accordingly, on December 30th, Sir Herbert Stewart started from Korti with a convoy of 1,000 baggage camels, escorted by 1,000 troops on camels and a detachment of the 19th Hussars under Captain Fanshawe. With the exception of a short halt, the march was continued throughout the night. The halt is beautifully portrayed in our view. The light of the moon was eagerly waited for by the British force. The slow rising of the orb of night gives the opportunity for one of those charming scenic effects which have distinguished the exhibitions of Messrs. Poole for the last 50 years. In the foreground we have a fine representation of General Sir Herbert Stewart and his Staff. The dim outline of the main force is seen in the distance, and behind all, the silver edge of the moon lifts over the horizon, rising slowly into the heavens, and throwing over the huge plain a flood of light of which the anxious warriors are not slow to avail themselves. The march was resumed, and in the words of the lamented Mr. Cameron—"On through the moonlight the strange weird-like throng of men and camels penetrated, halting only at short intervals for stragglers to come up, until half-past eight in the morning." By nine o'clock the next morning the first oasis, Abu Neshik was reached this being a distance of 34 miles from the place of starting. Major Kitchener took charge of the guides on the march across the desert, and these men, guarded by strong escort, led the way to the first wells.

THE DESERT MARCH.

General Stewart's bold advance across the desert to the Gakdul Wells reminded the world that the same manly energy and dashing determination still live in the British race which have raised England to be the greatest civilising power on the earth. This famous march is admirably shown in our view. The British soldier seems to have taken to the camel with wonderful aptitude, and rides his soft-footed charger with as much ease as do the veritable sons of the desert. The formation of a camel corps was a natural result of an expedition to Khartoum. Desert and river were the only means by which the 1,500 miles between Cairo and General Gordon's place of siege

could be traversed, and difficulties of no ordinary kind were common to each of these routes. These difficulties, Messrs. Poole bring before their patrons in a very comprehensive manner. Illustrating the desert route first, we see a portion of Sir Herbert Stewart's relieving force traversing the vast expanse of desert which lies between Korti and Metemneh, at which latter place it was hoped General Gordon's steamers would be awaiting the advance guard of Stewart's brigade. This hope was fully realised, as later events proved; and having shown the desert track, we now proceed to view the river contingent.

THE NILE CATARACTS.

The military operations in the Soudan have certainly been the means of extending our knowledge of the great waterway of Egypt. The accounts hitherto sent by travellers of this famous river have been sadly wanting in detail; and our gallant soldiers pursued their course, during the Nile expedition, along a river which was practically unknown. The view presented to the spectator conveys an adequate notion of the almost insurmountable difficulties our brave fellows had to encounter in their progress along the Nile. The Nile cataracts are by no means the formidable barriers that intercept the boatman who traverses the St. Lawrence, but the experience gained on the great river of the West by the famous Canadian boatmen proved of incalculable benefit to these voyagers of the Nile. Our army had the further assistance of great numbers of the desert population, who did the main hauling over the various rapids. These Arabs, with their loose white robes lend a most picturesque aspect to the scene, and enable the onlooker to imagine himself a partaker in the busy and exciting passage of the rapids which is here so graphically portrayed.

THE BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

This memorable engagement was fought on Saturday 17th day of January, 1885. The British forces under the gallant Sir Herbert Stewart numbered 1,500, the enemy nearly 10,000 of the Mahdi's finest soldiers. On the day previous to the battle the 12th Hussars had gone on to reconnoitre, and about noon rifle shots were heard and news came from Major Barrow that the enemy were holding the wells. General Stewart immediately made his dispositions for attack, massing the brigade in line of columns, the Guards on the right, the Heavy Camel Corps in the centre, the Artillery and Engineers in the rear forming the right face of the square. In this compact square of column the brigade moved forward steadily as if on parade. The concealed enemy sprang up, twenty banners waving, and came on in splendid line. The troops on the right were led by Abu Saleh, Emir of Metemneh; on the left they were under Mahomed Khair, Emir of Berber. The latter was wounded and retired early, but Saleh came desperately on at the head of a hundred fanatics, escaping the withering fire of the Martinis marvellously, until shot down in the square. The rear face, composed of Heavy Cavalry, broke forward in the endeavour to fire on the rebels, who swept round the flank and broke into us. Then came the shock of the Arab's impulsive charge against our square. For a moment there was much confusion, and the fate of the whole force trembled in the balance, until the steadiness of the Guards, Marines, and Mounted Infantry prevailed. The Sussex Regiment, though taken in the rear, rallied and fought desperately. The men fell back, re-formed in good order, and poured volleys into the enemy, every one in the leading division falling dead in our midst. In the temporary confusion the Gardner gun could not be got into action at the most effective moment. The Naval Brigade therefore lost very heavily; but the greatest loss fell on the Heavy Camel Corps, of whose officers six were killed and two wounded. Amongst the first officers mortally wounded was Colonel Burnaby who fell gallantly in fight close to his old comrades the Blues. When time afforded to look round, we saw that line after line of the enemy had fallen under the Martini fire as they advanced one thousand dead and wounded lying about us. The enemy fought with the most reckless and admirable courage, and displayed great tactical skill. After the fight, in which the Arabs brought all their best troops against General Stewart's brigade, we gained the wells of Abu Klea, and there bivouacked. Our view shows the noble Burnaby meeting his death sword in hand, General Stewart, the gallant Piggott, De Lisle, and other heroic officers being equally prominent.

THE BATTLE OF EL CUBAT.

This was the second encounter which distinguished Sir Herbert Stewart's gallant advance to the attempted rescue of General Gordon. The action was fought on Monday, January 19th, and afforded another proof, if such were needed, of the true courage and physical quality of the British army in the Soudan. The Special correspondent of the *Daily News* said: "Up till two o'clock our men were kept under a hail of bullets that scarcely ceased a moment, and when at last square was formed for attack, we all felt that everything depended on the cool steady courage of the men. For a moment there was a dead silence; then with tomtoms beating, and loud shouts and yells, the

Mahdi spearmen bounded on, not running, but leaping forward, brandishing their weapons, forming shifting lines of light as the sun glistened on the balanced spear-heads. The Emirs leading the van, on their chargers, hurried on; the mass close around them. From the square, steady volley after volley poured their deadly hail into the foe. When the smoke cleared away there was nothing of the bold charge but its dead and dying, and a few of the slightly-wounded still struggling on to meet death. The sudden collapse of the attack was almost beyond realisation; a cheer burst from our parched throats, and we marched on for the waters.

KHARTOUM.

The act of treachery which gave Khartoum to the Mahdi, resulted in the death of Gordon, and entirely altered the aim and accomplishment of the British movement in the Soudan, appears to have been consummated on Tuesday January 27th 1885.

Khartoum is situated at the junction of the White Nile, the river of the Equatorial Lakes, with the Blue Nile, which flows from the mountains of Western Abyssinia through the plains of Senaar. It is 1,500 miles from Cairo, and when the founder of the present reigning family in Egypt, the famous Pasha Mohamid Ali, sent his sons, Ibrahim and Ismail, in 1819, to extend his authority up the Nile and conquer the Soudan, Khartoum at once became the natural base of their operations. The town of Khartoum is therefore closely associated with the rule of the Pashas and Khedives of Egypt. Travellers have described Khartoum, as they have approached it by the river, as "a long mud wall with a few buildings of greater size than architectural pretensions peeping over it," but they all agree from Mr. George Melly, who visited it thirty-five years ago, to Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon in saying that its external aspect is much to be preferred so the reality found inside its walls. This feature it shares with almost every Oriental town that could be named. The population has reached the number of 30,000, but official exactions have been too cruel, and the inhabitants have been reduced to about 15,000. Architecture is here in a very primitive condition, and the arrangement of the streets is just what might be expected from the aspect of the houses. There are no spacious thoroughfares; here and there appears something like a square of space, but the perspective generally is by no means such as would satisfy the humble European judgment in the art of building. The better class of houses are occupied by the Government officials, or by the European residents; in some there are approaches to luxury, in others to comfort, and it must be confessed that with the addition of delightful gardens, and a pleasant climate it is not impossible to reconcile oneself to residence with mud walls. The only building here with any pretensions to importance is the Hukumdariah, or residence of the Governor of Hukumdar, in which General Gordon concentrated the scanty force of which he could alone dispose. The building, as will be seen in the view, is situated close to the river, and the steamers which form the Nile flotilla, and which originally numbered fifteen, are beached during the shallow period of the river under the protection of the palace guns. The fort, or barracks, is easily discernible in the view, as is also the palace where General Gordon is said to have been stabbed on the 27th of January, 1885, as he was coming out of the door. If this be so, and if the General died as some accounts say on the 4th of February, he may have died in one of the rooms of the palace. From its peculiar situation, it is only a matter of time for Khartoum to disappear entirely, and its materials to be carried down to the delta of the Nile, as it goes foot by foot every year. It is not unlikely, however, that some new city will occupy a site in the neighbourhood, the hills being only seven miles distant from the river. Khartoum is the centre of the ship or boat building trade on the upper Nile, and several of the neighbouring villages on the river are inhabited by people engaged exclusively in these works.

Leaving the Soudan, we embark for our homeward journey at

PORT SAID,

A little town of some 10,000 inhabitants, situated at the Mediterranean entrance to the Suez Canal and owing its origin to the construction of the famous waterway.

The Mediterranean is 2,000 miles long and 1,200 miles wide at its broadest part. We purpose while performing this long sea voyage calling at important cities on the way, our first stay being at

ATHENS

(Called by the Turks Athina), whence the light of intellectual cultivation has spread for thousands of years down to our own time. The capital of the old kingdom of Attica, and of the more modern democracy, was founded by Cecrops, 1550 years B.C., and in the most ancient times was called Cecropia, which name in after times was retained merely by the Acropolis. The city received its name of Athens in all probability from Minerva, who was called by the Greeks Athena. The old walls of Athens were so broad that carriages could go on their tops. Of the many magnificent

buildings that Athens could boast of, one of the principal was the Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, situated in the Acropolis. This great temple, which even in ruins has been the wonder of the world, was 217 feet long, 99 feet broad, and 65 feet high. Destroyed by the Persians, it was rebuilt by Pericles 444 years B.C. Here stood the statue of Minerva, by Phidias, a masterpiece of art 46 feet high, formed of purest ivory and ornamented with gold exceeding 2,000 pounds in weight. Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and Demosthenes are among the names of great men who taught here. The present population of Athens is about 15,000. We next call at

MALTA.

Malta is regarded by the English as an invaluable naval station. According to Homer it was first peopled by the Phoenicians. It passed successively through the hands of the Phoenicians, Greeks, and Carthaginians, and was finally attached to Rome during the second Punic War. After the fall of the Roman Empire it was seized at different times by the Vandals, Goths, and Saracens. From the last it passed to Sicily, till 1522, when Charles V. granted it to the Order of St. John. To make it habitable they were under the necessity of bringing shiploads of earth from Sicily. In 1798 it surrendered to Napoleon; but later it stood a blockade for two years, finally surrendering to the indomitable courage and skill of England's greatest naval hero, Lord Nelson. Valetta is the capital, and the entire population is about 100,000. Our view represents Valetta to the left, and to the right the Quarantine Harbour.

In due course we arrive at

GIBRALTAR.

This remarkable fortress, which forms the key to the Mediterranean, standing on a peninsula at its entrance, is connected with Spain by a low sandy isthmus $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile broad, having the Bay of Gibraltar on its west and the open Mediterranean Sea on the east. Between Spain and the rock are the Spanish lines and neutral ground. The highest point of the rock is about 1,400 feet above sea level.

From this point we sail direct to

PORTSMOUTH,

Which has increased more rapidly in recent times and is more distinguished by modern improvements than any other of our English towns. Portsmouth is celebrated for its dockyard, which ranks first among Government establishments of its kind; indeed, it derives all its importance from its naval establishments, and has no manufactures of any consequence except those immediately connected with them. The dockyard contains machine shops where the greatest of our iron ships of war are built and repaired; also ranges of handsome residences for the port-admiral and other officials. Here is also the Royal Naval College with accommodation for 70 students. This famous Hampshire seaport enjoys the reputation of being the finest naval station in the world.

Lying calmly at anchor, the grand old "Victory" flies the flag of the Admiral of the station.

We now proceed by the South-Western line to London, where we are supposed to arrive on the 17th of November, 1882, which will be long remembered in the metropolis as one of the most memorable and interesting dates in Her Majesty's reign. We first see

THE GRENADIERS CHEERING HER MAJESTY

Outside Buckingham Palace. No finer distemper painting has ever been exhibited to the British Public than this most excellent work of art. It represents Her Majesty the Queen bowing her acknowledgments to her gallant soldiers, who had won her out into the balcony by the hearty genuineness of their lusty cheers. Every figure is a study, and complimentary to both artist and proprietor. The life-size figures of the Grenadiers occupy the foreground; in the balcony we recognise the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, this being easily done where the familiar features are so accurately drawn. This ovation took place on the morning of the above-named date, and formed a pleasing preliminary to the great event which was to follow. When the Queen had acknowledged the loyal greeting of her gallant soldiers, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Her Majesty entered her carriage to be driven to the saluting point.

We now take the liberty to accompany the royal carriage to

ST. JAMES'S PARK—THE MARCH PAST.

This set scene here represented is a veritable triumph of pictorial art. In the distance is the well-known Royal Horse Guards, the head-quarters of the British army, the place from which is issued all general orders, and the very focus or centre of English militarism. In front of the

building is the Parade, a fine open space well suited to the purpose to which it was put on this memorable occasion. The foreground is a pleasing and interesting study. Seated in her carriage with the Princess Beatrice and her most immediate friends is the well-loved Sovereign of these islands. We leave it to the spectator to make the closest acquaintanceship with the various royalties and celebrities who graced the scene with their presence. The figures are life-size and the portraits are excellent, so that no difficulty is experienced in their recognition. When the open carriage of Her Majesty had taken its place, the Union Jack was planted so as to wave proudly over its representative and mark the saluting point. After this had been done, the few necessary preliminaries were soon arranged, and the cheering strains of a military band told that the march past had commenced. Every corps and regiment which had taken part in the late war was represented here, and cheer after cheer broke from the excited multitude as the various divisions passed the point of honour and received warm acknowledgments of Queen and people. It was a spectacle which will live long in the memories of those who witnessed it. When the last regiment had passed the saluting point and taken its place in column, Sir Garnet Wolseley was summoned to the royal carriage, and the Queen personally complimented him on the admirable and successful manner in which he had conducted the campaign committed to his judgment. Thus ended the greatest military display which had taken place in London for twenty-five years.

SONGS.

ENGLAND'S ENGLAND STILL.

NEW NATIONAL SONG.

Written by FRANK FREELAND.

O'er Asia's plains towards Afghan's steppes,
Intent on India, fair,
With slow and stealthy tread there creeps
The Rugged Russian bear.
A lion bars the way, alert,
He feels an eager thrill
Once more with power to bold assert
That England's England still.

CHORUS—

Then raise on high the Union Jack,
And show the world once more
The British lion guards the track
That leads to India's shore!
Our soldiers and our sailors brave
Proclaim it with a will—
Britannia yet can rule the wave,
And England's England still.

Think not our British statesmen meek,
Our British honour stained,
Because from crushing toemen weak
In mercy we refrained!
Not while our men their strength retain,
Our generals their skill,
Will Britons fail to stout maintain
Than England's England still.

Then raise, &c.

Long may we rest on laurels won
Till despot dares again
Despise the deeds that we have done,
He'll find us ready to take the field,
To take the field, until that we
Our page of glory fill,
And prove again, by land and sea,
That England's England still.

Then raise, &c.

THE SCOUT.

Sung by Mr. THOMAS PAYNE.

Composed by F. CAMPANA.

Come, boor your "little blue,"
I war not friend with you.
'Twas for this can a bold Uhlan,
His bridle drew,
Merely a petrel I
Telling the storm is nigh,
Clink we a glass,
So we may pass
Your homestead by.

Lurking in brake by day,
Reading by stars my way;
Clattering fast thro' hamlet old,
O'er lonely wold.
Maidens pale at my glance,
Peasants cow'r neath my lance,
Miserly soul's hide fast their gold
From Uhlan bold.
Yet is the risk not theirs,
Thousand and more to one;
Little for odds he cares,
Rather too many than none,
Ha! Ha! Ha!

Come boor, &c., &c.

Such a home I've left far away,
Lov'd ones there for me are sighing,
I can see the moon's placid ray,
On roof and tree, and pale face lying.
Ah!

Give thy hand good peasant to me,
Hearts are hearts the weary world all over.
Peace still dwell with thine and thee,
So—now prayeth the war worn rover.
Come boor, &c., &c.

DEAR ENGLAND.

Sung by MR. THOMAS PAYNE.

Composed by LOUIS DIEHL.

There's a land, a dear land, where the rights of
the free.

Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea;
Where the roses bloom and nightingales sing,
And the true honest man, is as good as a king

Show'ry, flow'ry, tearful cheerful
England wave guard and green to the shore;
West land, best land, thy land thy land,
Glory be with her and peace ever more.

There's a land, a dear land, where the vigour of
soul,

Is fed by the tempests that flow from the Pole;
Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume
To ask for more earth that will cover his tomb.

Sea land, free land, fairest roset,
Home of brave men and the girls they adore;
Fearless peo'less thy land, my land,
Glory be with her and peace ever more.

LAUGHING NIGGER.

Sung by HARRY DALES.

I'm the nigger that's always laughing,
I can't stop when I begin;

For the boys are always chaffing,
Because they love to see me grin,

And my lips they are so pretty,
My dear mouth it is so small,

The ladies say it is a pity

I can't stop and kiss them all

CHORUS—

Ha, ha, ha, ha ha, ha,

Ha, ha, ha &c., &c.

I went one night to Madame Tussaud's
Tho waxwork figures made me stare,

There was kings and queens and Robinson
Crusoe

Playing all sorts of Antics there.

There was Harry the VIII in one Corner,
Calcrat with a big long rope.

Alongside him was little Jack Horner,
Comb'd his hair with a bar of soap.
Ha, ha, ha, &c., &c.

I went one day to Sunday,

The animals we e'gled I'm sure,

And the hyenas laughed and wondered;
Didn't I make the lions roar.

There was a monkey with a hot potatoe,
It was him that pleased me best of all,
Till I saw the alligator.

Lacing his boots with a parasol,

Ha, ha, ha &c., &c.

WHEN THE QUIET MOON IS BEAMING.

Composed by J. SCHONDORF.

When the quiet moon is beaming
Over streamlets, vale, and hill;
When the weary world lies dreaming,
All around so calm and still;
Then, my tuneful lyre re-taking,
Oft I stray the woods among,
While my heart, its silence breaking,
Pours a flood of grief and song.

O'er the strings my tears are falling;
Ah! beloved, whate'er I see,
All my vanished bliss recalling,
Speaks of thee, of only thee.
Now thou'rt gone, my buried treasure,
Now the grass-green earth's thy tomb,
Nought remains of joy and pleasure,
All is solitude and gloom.

Now the glorious sun appearing,
All night's shadows flee away,
Nature wak'ning, warming, cheering,
With the magic of his ray.
Now hope whispers cease to sorrow,
Soon shall cease thy grief, thy pain,
Soon shall dawn a brighter morrow,
When thou'lt meet thy love again.

JOYOUS LIFE.

Life's early sweetest day,
Glides like a dream away,
Fades with all its blossoms gay
Sunlight and glee
Still bid adieu to care.
Heed not the morrow's share,
Hail morning merrily,
Night shades will flee.
So while through life we go,
Laugh on at care and woe;
Sighs may for the sad ones be,
But ne'er for me.

CHORUS—

Ah, no! ah, no!

Tral, lal lal lal la, lal lal lal, la.

Seek then for joy each day;
Care from a smile's bright ray,
Soon with each cloud will fly

Far from the beam.

Cull their shining flowers,
Rest then in fragrant bowers;

There, where so cheerily
Sing bird and stream.

So while through life we go,
Laugh on at care and woe;
Sighs may for the sad ones be,
But ne'er for me.

Ah, no! &c., &c.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

(Published by Morley & Co., Regent Street,
London.)

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade,
Who fought with us side by side?
Shoulder to shoulder and blade by blade.
Fought till they had bled and died!
Who so ready and undismayed?
Who so merry and true?
Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Where are the boys we knew?

CHORUS.—

Then steadily, shoulder to shoulder;
Steadily, blade by blade!
Ready and strong, marching along
Like the boys of the Old Brigade.

Over the sea, far away they lie,
Far from the land of their love!
Nations alter, the years go by,
But heaven still is heaven above.
Not in the abbey proudly laid,
Find they a place or part,
The gallant boys of the Old Brigade
They sleep in Old England's heart.
Then steadily &c.

ROCKING THE BABY TO SLEEP.

Oh! where is the man that never has loved
Some sweet little innocent child?
Some dear little baby that never will cry
Can make the fierce man become mild.
Some people seek pleasure away from their homes,
But I to my fireside will keep;
With the fire shining bright I could sing all the
night
While rocking the baby to sleep.

A la Tyrolese.

I'm just sixty-eight, and my dear little wife
Is just ten years younger than me.
We're fond of enjoyment and plenty of fun,
And we're blest with fine children three;
But they all grow big now, and Frit's he's a man,
He's a wife and two children to keep;
And he sings that same song that I used to sing
While rocking the baby to sleep.

A la Tyrolese.

And as I grow older and older I pray
That I was a child once again;
And when I feel weary at close of the day
I fancy I hear that same strain. [knee,
The children flock round me, they climb on my
They sit up and make me feel young;
And they ask me to sing them that sweet little song,
My mother sang to me.

A la Tyrolese.

ANCHORED.

Sung by R. H. ARNELLI WILLIAMS.

Flying, with flowing sail, over the summer sea!
Sheer through the seething gale, onward bound
was she!
Flying with feath'ry prow, bounding with slanting
kneel,
And glad, and glad was the sailor lad, as he
steered and sang at his wheel, [roam,
Only another day to stray, only another night to
Then safe at last, the harbour past, safe in my
Father's home!

Bright on the flashing brine glittered the summer
sun,
Sweetly the starry shine smil'd when the day was
done, [sail,
Blythe was the breeze of heav'n, filling the flying
And glad was the sailor lad as he steered and sang
through the gale.
Only another day to stray, only another night to
roam,
Then safe at last, the harbour past, safe in my
Father's home!

Sudden the lightning flash'd like falchions in the
dark,
Sudden the thunders crashed—alas! for the
gallant bark.
There, when the storm had pass'd, a dreary wreck
lay she,
But bright was the starry light that shone on the
summer sea,
And a soft smile came from the stars and a voice
from whisp'ring foam,
Safe, safe at last, the danger past, safe in his
Father's Home!

THE LITTLE ONES AT HOME.

I'm thinking now of home among my native hills'
Though far away in many lands I roam;
The memory of the past my heart with rapture fills;
Then I long to see the little ones at home,
Ah, then methinks, I see them now,
Far o'er the rippling ocean's foam;
I hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee—
Oh, I long to see the little ones at home.

The moon looks mildly down, the same as oft
before,
And bathes the earth in floods of mellow light;
But its beams are not so bright upon this lovely
shore
As it seemed at home one year ago to-night.
Sadly my thoughts still turn to thee,
Far o'er the rippling ocean's foam;
I hear their voices ringing in merry childish glee—
I long to see the little ones at home.

THE LOST CHORD.

B. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
 Seated one day at the organ,
 I was weary and ill at ease
 And my fingers wander idly
 Over the noisy keys ;
 I know not what I was playing,
 Or what I was dreaming then,
 But I struck one chord of music
 Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
 Like the close of an angel psalm,
 And it lay on my fevered spirit,
 Like the touch of an infinite calm
 It quieted pain and sorrow
 Like love overcoming strife ;
 It seemed the harmonious echo,
 From our discordant life.
 It linked all perplexed meaning,
 Into one perfect peace,
 And trembled away into silence,
 As if were loath to cease,

I've sought, but I seek it vainly,
 That one lost chord divine,
 As it came from the soul of the organ,
 And entered into mine.
 It may be that death's bright angel,
 Will speak in that chord again,
 It may be that only in heaven,
 I shall hear that grand Amen.

THE STORM FIEND.

Oh, down they go to the sea in ships
 With happy hearts and laughing lips,
 With hope and faith in the faithless sea,
 And little do they reckon of me.
 Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! fair shipmen, masters mine,
 Laugh on ! while sky and sea are fine,
 If I set my horn on my lips and blow,
 Down in a trice your ships shall go ;
 Down, down, down your ships shall go
 While I chuckle and laugh ho, ho !
 The storm Fiend is the lord of woe !
 The trembling maiden kneels alone, the tears are
 in her eyes,
 She sees the angry billows blown, and the low'ring
 stormy skies :
 Ah ! well may she weep when I'm abroad,
 Weep for her love at sea,
 And pray for him till her eyes grew dim.
 Miserere Domine ; Miserere Domine !
 Ha, ha ! ha, ha ! fair folk on land and sea,
 Your tears and cries they comfort me ;
 For who can stand when he hears my call ?
 Down in a trice ye bow and fall ;
 Down, down, down ye bow and fall ;
 While I chuckle and laugh ho, ho !
 The Storm Fiend is the lord of woe !

"MY MOTHER-IN-LAW."

Written, composed, and sung by STUART COWELL.

Throughout the world there never was—

A happier man than I,
 Until I said a month ago—
 To single life "good-bye."

I married Angelina Bee,
 But now tis 'sad to tell,
 but oh, on my life
 I've married her mother as well.

CHORUS.—

And a nice cup of tea is my mother-in-law,
 A strong cup of tea is my mother-in-law.
 There's been nothing but war since her I first saw,
 I'm tired of my life and my mother-in-law.

The day that we were married comes
 Before my vision now,
 She cried I've lost my my daughter—
 And made such a fearful row.
 And as we stepped inside the cab
 My feelings you'll suppose
 For a slipper she threw—
 And it landed too
 Right bang upon my nose !

Chorus—And a, &c,

I'm getting tired of being but—
 A poor and simple nought,
 So I'll pluck up and be a man
 As every husband ought.
 I'll go straight home and say to her,
 Begone ! and quit my sight !
 To save a row you'd best go now,
 Be off, this very night.

Chorus—And a, &c.

THE HAT AND FEATHER.

As Sung by W. MATTHEWS at St. James's Hall London.

Published by METZLER & Co.

As I walked out the other day,
Tempted by the weather;
A pretty creature came that way,
In a Hat a Feather,
Her eyes was bright, her cheeks were red,
I followed pit-a-pat;
When turning round, she archly said,
Oh! how do you like my Hat?

CHORUS—

Says I, it's neat and pretty too,
They look well together;
Those glossy curls and roguish eyes,
'Neath a Hat and Feather.

Lightly as air she tripped along,
My heart was in a flutter;
But love, alas, had tied my tongue,
For nothing could I utter!
I hem'd and han'd, and felt ashamed
To look so like a flat;
When everyone who passed exclaimed,
There goes a pretty Hat!

CHORUS—

Says they, it's neat and pretty too,
They look well together;
Those glossy curls and roguish eyes,
'Neath a Hat and Feather.

At length to hail a 'bus she stopped.
'Twas more than I could stand;
So down upon my knees I dropped.
And took her by the hand.
She boxed my ears and would have fled,
I didn't care for that,
For three weeks after I got wed,
Altho' that pretty Hat.

CHORUS—

So ladies when you'd lover's meet,
Wait for sunny weather;
Then go walk about the street,
In a Hat and Feather.

THE LAUGHING NIGGER.

First introduced into this Country and sung over 2,000 times by W. MATTHEWS, the original C.C.C. Bed

There's a funny little nigger I know, know,
know,
He lives on the banks of the O-hio!
He plays on the fiddle all day long,
And he laughs with his ha, ha, ha,
CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, &c.

He laughs when he goes to his work, work,
work,
He screams like any Turk, Turk, Turk;
He works all day and at night he's at the
play,
Then he laughs with his ha, ha, ha,
CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, &c.

He laughs when he goes to his bed, bed,
bed,
Strange dreams comes into his head, head,
head,
He dreams all night till the broad day-light,
And he laughs with his ha, ha, ha,
CHORUS—Ha, ha, ha, &c.

SHE WINKED AT ME.

Published by FRANCES & DAY.

Sung by W. MATTHEWS, the original C.C.C. Minstrel.

I feel I fain I don't know how; I'm in a
dreadful way,
My brain's on fire 'cos I admire a girl I
met to-day,
It was not very far from here where this
dear girl I see,
To my delight she actually winked at me.
CHORUS—She winked at me, &c.

I raised my hat, I waved my hand, I
smiled and nodded too,
I crossed the road to where she stood and
said how do you do?
Her form it was enchanting, her lips I
longed to kiss;
She never answered me a word, she merely
went like this!

CHORUS—She winked at me, &c.

I gave her this, I gave her that, a ring a
watch, a chain,
A lovely bonnet, such a duck, and tried her
heart to gain.
I also asked her to be mine, she smiled and
said all right.
And promised me that she would be out-
side this hall to-night.

CHORUS—She winked at me, &c.

THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN.

Written by Walter Greenaway, Esq

*Published by Wood and Co., 3, Rathbone
Place, Oxford Street, W.*

*Sung by W. MATTHEWS, the original C.C.C.
Minstrel.*

A wonderful musician once in Germany
did dwell,
His name quite unpronounceable, impos-
sible to spell,
He could play on any instrument, no
matter great or small,
This wonderful musician he could play
upon them all.

CHORUS.

A big drum, a kettle drum, a fiddle, flute,
and piccolo,
Piano, harp, harmonium, and many more
besides,
A French horn, a Sax horn, a trombone,
and double bass,
Bones, bango, tamborine, bassoon,, and
ophicleide.
He only had a little room upon a second
floor,
A very little room, indeed, he had you may
be sure ;
He had no chairs or table, no sofa, and no
bed ;
He said he didn't want 'em, for of course
he had instead—
A big drum &c.

The neighbours used to grumble, he would
make such a din,
At daybreak every morning to practice he'd
begin ;
And sometimes from their slumbers he'd
wake in such a fright,
For often he'd be playing in the middle of
the night.
A big drum &c.

Of course they very soon found out the
cause of all this riot ;
They heard another dreadful crash, then
everything was quiet,
They found the old musician had blown all
his breath away,
In trying it all at once his instruments
could play.
A big drum, &c.

WILLIE LEAVE OFF LAUGHING

By HARRY MITCHELL

*Sung by W. MATTHEWS, the original
C.C.C. Minstrel*

When I was but a little boy, my mother
used to say,
I never could keep quiet for a moment all
the day,
And often times at night when nurse would
take me up to bed,
She gave me such a lecture, and these words
to me she said :
Now Willie leave off laughing, what a
naughty boy you are !
If you are not soon quiet, I will go and tell
your ma !
But all in vain her efforts were, my laugh-
ing to restrain,
For every time she spoke to me, I started
off again.

CHORUS—

Ha ha ha ha ha ha, he he he he he he.

When I arrived at manhood, and my age
was twenty-one.
I courted such a pretty girl, her name was
Polly Bun ;
But I soon got into trouble with the darling
of my heart,
From what she said I soon found out that
we shall have to part,
Now Willie cease your laughing, and be
serious awhile ;
She might as well have wanted me to go
and fly a mile ;
The question oft I tried to pop, but tried
and tried in vain.
For every time I spoke to her, I started off
again.

CHORUS—

Ha ha ha ha ha ha, he he he he he he.

*N.B.—This song must not be sung in Public
without permission.*

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GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS

RECOMMENDED by DOCTORS, ANALYSTS, CHEMISTS and THOUSANDS
OF RECOVERED PATIENTS FOR

Affections of the Chest, Bronchitis, Asthma, Colds, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nervousness, Headaches,
Liver Disorders, Depression of Spirits, Melancholy, Biliousness, Weakness
in its various forms, Diarrhea, &c.

GWILYM EVANS' QUININE BITTERS.

The Hale Old Man.

"You are old Father William," a young
man said.
"Your locks and your whiskers are grey;
But you're healthy and cheerful, & stronger
than I
Now tell me the reason, I pray,
I am healthy and strong, &c.

My nerves are quite shattered, my appe-
tite's gone
I'm afraid I'm just wasting away
Yet though double my years, your strength
still appears
As though it would never decay.
I am healthy and strong, &c.

I am lonely and sad when I'm left by
myself
Though with friends I can never be gay
But you are quite lively and joyous and
free
Please tell me the reason, I pray,
I am hearty and strong, &c.

I can't get a partner to share my sad life
The ladies all answer me "Nay"
I'm always depressed when they're at their
best
Oh, tell me the reason, I pray,
I am healthy and strong, &c.

I've swallowed vile nostrums and pills be-
yond count
My vitals seem eaten away
But still I am sickly, while you are quite
blythe
As lively and brisk as the day.
I am healthy and strong, &c.

There must be some cause for your ex-
cellent tone
Some cause why I'm wasting away
I'd give half my wealth to possess your
good health
O tell me your secret, I pray,
I am healthy and strong, &c.

"I am healthy and strong," Father William
replied
"I am lively and happy and free
And if you would know why I always
am so
Just listen a moment to me.

Don't trouble the doctors, nor swallow
more pills
But send to the nearest drug store
For EVANS' QUININE BITTERS, just what
you need
To its frequent and regular use take good
heed.
And you'll never feel ill any more.

The Widow's Only Boy.

The sun was shining brightly—the birds
sang loud with joy
But pretty little Donald—the widow's
only boy
The darling of the village—was fading
fast away:
His cheeks that were so rosy grew paler
day by day
His mother weeping wildly cried, with
grief and pain untold
"Oh! for aught to cure my darling I
would give its weight in gold."

"Is there nothing—really nothing—in all
this world so wide?
Is there no balm in Gilead that can save
my joy and pride?
But the doctor gravely shook his head
and said "Tis all in vain
And much we feel your pretty boy will
never rise again."
Then said her cousin Harry—a soldier
brave and bold
"I've heard that Quinine Bitters is worth
its weight in gold."

She felt like a drowning man to whom
one throws a rope
She blessed her cousin Harry for those
welcome words of hope
They tried the Quinine Bitters and once
more her little boy
Was the village pet and darling—his
mother's pride and joy
And thankfully, and gratefully—to all her
friends she told
That "Gwilym Evans' Quinine Bitters
was worth its weight in gold."

She Did and They Did.

She was much too ill to stand
Hadn't strength to move her hand
And felt as if she could not live an hour
She did.

And her friends would often say—
"She grows weaker every day
And is fading like a fragile little flower
They did.

But there's hope while life still flitters
So she tried the "Quinine Bitters"
A dose night and morning every day;
She did.

Now she's bonnie, blithe and well
Of the village quite the belle
And last spring they gaily crowned her
queen of May;
They did.

The Student's Song.

I had worked hard at Euclid, and Latin
and Greek.
Till my eyesight was dim and my chest
was quite weak;
There was pain in my head—there was
pains in my back
And I felt just as if I'd been placed on a
rack.

They sent for a Doctor they sent for a
Nurse—
But all was in vain I grew rapidly worse;
Spite of poultice and potion—and powder
and pill—
When—who should come in but my old
friend—dear Will.

He cried, "Cheer up old fellow—we'll soon
have you well—
As strong as an ox—and as sound as a bell;
All you want's Quinine Bitters—of me!—the
best—
And cricket and football will do all the
rest."

I took Quinine Bitters and found it was
true—
Now with weakness and pain I have nothing
to do;
And as for the potions, and powders and
pills
Why—the Doctor may take them himself
if he wills.
Now "Hurray for the Bitters," of tonics
the king
I'll shout till the roof and the rafters shall
ring;
And I'll say to whoever may enter my door
"Tis the best of all Medicines for rich or
poor."

Gwilym Evans' Quinine Bitters.
Beware of Imitations.

See the name of Gwilym Evans on
Label Stamp and Bottle. INSIST
upon having Gwilym Evans'
Quinine Bitters.

Gwilym Evans' Quinine Bitters.
The Best Family Medicine.

Sold in 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. bottles or in cases
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case. By all Chemists or direct from the
Proprietors. Carriage free by Parcel Post

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See also Page 2 of this Cover.

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